

or a prostrated condition of the nervous system, where internal remedies are absolutely required; and I believe that the herbs and roots and barks of the forest and field contain the curative qualities demanded by the diseased or disordered condition of the human system. For, unlike mineral substances, the barks and herbs readily assimilate with the human organism, and yield to its use the amount of sun and dew and air, which they have stored up from Nature's reservoir of life and light.

But I believe the one great remedy for physical ailments is human magnetism, well directed and applied. While soothing the nervous system, and stimulating the digestive processes of the stomach, it supplies new relays of vital force to the weary, debilitated frame.

I have often been applied to, by the weak and suffering, for information where a good female Magnetic Healer could be found. I wish to inform my correspondents and friends, through the columns of the VOICE OF ANGELS, that Mrs. Flanders, of 19 Ball street, Boston, is a powerful Magnetic Healer, whose manipulations seem to give unbounded satisfaction to patients of both sexes. The lady in question is very successful and understanding in her treatment of delicate women and children, and in cases of rheumatism or neuralgia. She also supplies liniments and medicines, when necessary. I would advise those who are in need of the services of such a healer, to write to Mrs. Flanders, or give her a call.

I have no interest in this matter whatever, any further than I believe all our workers for the benefit of suffering humanity should be kept busy; and where we learn of one who possesses the power to relieve pain, we should make it known.

Yours fraternally,
M. T. SNELHAMER.

COLOR BLINDNESS.

RECENT experiments show that color-blindness is much more prevalent than is generally believed. It is claimed that one person out of thirty is utterly unable to tell red from green. Among boys and men the per-cent is over three per cent.; among girls and women, only one-fourth of one per cent. Many persons are color-blind without knowing it, and unless some test be applied may live their life through without discovering the defect. Doubtless the best test is that known as Holmgren's method, which consists in providing a large pile of worsted of different colors, and requiring the person examined to select the skeins which resemble the sample shown by the examiner.

CURE FOR FELON.

WHEN a finger pricks as though there were a thorn in it, and throbs intolerably when held downward, and yet there is no external sign of mischief, the probabilities are that a felon is in prospect. Go at once to a butcher's and procure some of the spinal marrow of a beef creature. Take a piece, say about two inches in length, and having cut it open lengthwise, wrap it around the affected finger, covering it of

course with a cloth. In a few hours change the piece of marrow for a fresh one, and continue to keep the finger so encased until all pain has ceased, and there is no discomfort when the marrow is removed. The finger will look strangely white and porous, but the cure is complete. This remedy ought to become professional, as it is vastly better than the surgeon's knife, and more effectual.

LENGTH OF LIFE.

THE progress of Christianity and true religion has everywhere been attended by great gains to human life. The superstition which usurped the place of religion prevented the growth of virtue and the increase and uses of science, so that the means of preventing diseases were not discovered and applied. Even so recently as a hundred years ago, a tenth part of the deaths in Europe was caused by small-pox, while the average length of life was less than thirty-four years. The Romans, at the beginning of the Christian era, did not average thirty years of age at death, and in Switzerland, before the great Reformation, the average age at death was less than twenty-two years; in the seventeenth century it was less than twenty-six years; in the last century it was scarcely thirty-four years, and now the chance of life, or average for all, is above forty years. The numerous diseases which afflict the human family are prevented or controlled only as their nature and causes are discovered. Hygiene is the embodiment of such knowledge or sciences applied in the prevention of the causes of sickness and premature death. Enough is already known of the destructive but most preventable diseases to enable the people to prevent a vast proportion of all the suffering and waste they produce; but ignorance, indifference, and vices are not yet overcome in the masses.

ANTIDOTE TO ARSENIC.

DR. McCaw, a Canadian physician, suggests the following formula as one not generally known for an antidote to arsenic, and claims for it preference over all others for two reasons, namely, because it forms the surest antidote, and because the ingredients are always accessible: Tincture of chloride of iron, one drachm; bicarbonate of soda, or potash, the same; tepid water, a tea-cupful. These are mixed. The sesquioxide of iron is immediately formed in a solution of chloride of sodium. The mixture may be given almost *ad libitum*.

RESULT OF A SINGULAR SURGICAL OPERATION.

A LITTLE girl, Jessie Lumly, upon whom the operation of gastrotomy, or cutting through the stomach, was performed last August, and who has since received all her nourishment through the stomach, is gaining strength and flesh very rapidly. The child masticates the food given her, and, being unable to swallow, takes the chewed diet and inserts it into her stomach through the tube placed thereto by the surgeon. She can digest any sort of food, and appears to be perfectly healthy, and as cheerful as any of her playmates.—*San Antonio (Texas) Express.*

WHY WE ARE RIGHT-HANDED.

THE intimate interdependence of the hands and the brain has received a new illustration in the results of the researches of Dr. John A. Wyeth, as set forth in a lecture delivered by him recently before the Anatomical and Surgical Society of Brooklyn.

Why man should use the right hand by preference has been a vexed question to which many differing answers have been given. Mr. Chas. Reade, in his letters on "The Coming Man," attempts to cut the Gordian knot in a characteristic way by asserting that "every child is even and either handed till some grown fool interferes and mutilates it."

Dr. Wyeth however demonstrates that the impulse to prefer the right hand is inherent in our organization, that it asserts itself under disadvantageous extraneous conditions, and that it is due to the excess in development of the left half of the brain which presides over the nutrition and functions of the right half of the body. This excessive growth of the left half of the brain is because it receives more blood than does the other half, which fact results from the oblique manner in which the heart is hung in the chest, on account of which the blood current is made to flow more directly and powerfully into the arteries which go up on the left side of the neck. The obliquity of the heart finally is caused by the greatly developed liver which, as it extends over to the left side of the body, pushes the heart away from the middle line in which it first develops. Reduced to its first principle it seems, after all, that that much abused organ, the liver, is responsible for the right-handedness of the human race.

Dr. Wyeth thinks that the early training of children should be such as to give them the benefit of as much ambidexterity as possible. To this end children should be trained to give a slight preference to the left hand for the first few years, since the inherent tendency to use the right will assert itself and result in a nearer even usefulness of both hands. Individuals who are clever with both hands are more useful members of society than the one-handed; the greater symmetry in muscular growth possessed by them tends to equalize the two halves of the brain and to give a better cerebral development. It is a matter of broad philanthropy, therefore, to promote ambidexterity in the human race.

ACCIDENTS FROM CHLOROFORM VAPOR.

A PREVENTIVE of those accidents which so frequently occur in the administration of chloroform to produce anesthesia has been suggested by Dr. Wachsmuth, of Berlin, the method consisting simply in the addition of one part of rectified oil of turpentine to five parts of chloroform. The oil of turpentine in vapor appears to exert a stimulating or life-giving effect on the lungs, and protects those organs from passing into that paralyzed state which seems to be produced by chloroform narcosis. It appears that Dr. Wachsmuth, while lying on a sick bed, accidentally breathed the vapor of turpentine, and he experienced from this a strongly

refreshing feeling—a fact which induced him to try the plan of adding oil of turpentine to chloroform when using the latter for anesthetic purposes.

VACCINATION.

SPEAKING of the growing anti-vaccination feeling in Europe, the *Scientific American* admits that the statistics unfavorable to vaccination, collected either here or in Europe, may be true; but its confidence in vaccination remains unshaken. The figures teach rather a reform of the practice of vaccination than an abrogation of it. "Vaccine virus, not contaminated and stripped of its virtue by over-humanization—that is, by repeated transmission from man to man—is both free from risks and of certain efficacy. No better proof of this fact is required than the practical stamping out of small-pox in this great city. In view of the fact, that by the general adoption of correct vaccination, small-pox, but lately one of the worst of human scourges, has been so thoroughly brought under subjection in New York, that with 1,100,000 inhabitants, there were last year but fourteen cases of the disease, it is manifestly as unwise as it is absurd for our newspapers to lend themselves to the propagation of anti-vaccination nonsense."

CHLOROFORMING DURING SLEEP.

IT has long been a subject of dispute whether or not it is possible to anesthetize a sleeping person without awakening him. This question has recently been practically tested by Dr. J. V. Quimby, of Jersey City, and the result reported at the last meeting of the American Medical Association. The Doctor first succeeded in entering the room of a friend and administering the chloroform, with the entire success of the experiment. The gentleman passed into a state of anesthesia in about seven minutes, and with the use of less than an ounce of the anesthetic. He also reported two other cases—children, upon whom it was necessary to perform minor operations, but who steadily refused to submit to them. In these cases chloroform was given after the patients had fallen asleep, the operations successfully performed, dressings applied, and the anesthetic withdrawn without awaking them. As the result of the experiments the Doctor arrived at two conclusions: First, that by administering chloroform to a patient while asleep, many operations can be performed with perfect safety and much more pleasantly than in the ordinary way; and second, in the hands of persons with criminal intentions the drug may be the instrument of harm in the accomplishment of villainous designs.

A HINT TO YOUNG SMOKERS.

MR. DUDLEY A. Sargent, Director of the Harvard gymnasium, says that of the large number of students he has already examined, at least one-half suffer to a considerable, and in many cases an alarming extent, from palpitation and other affections of the heart, caused by excessive cigarette smoking and drinking strong coffee.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.
[EDITED BY SPIRIT MAY, THROUGH M. T. BURLANDER.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY SPIRIT MAY.

The world is full of gladness things,
Like sunbeams, birds and flowers,
That fill the air with happiness
Through all the shining hours;
And when the day is evening full,
And darkness robes the skies,
The gleaming stars look brightly down,
Like countless angel-eyes.

The flowing waters rush and whirl,
And bring from distant lands
The beautiful pink-tinted shells
They leave upon the sands.
We spy the vessels as they sail
Far out upon the sea,
And watch the water-fowl that spreads
His pinions proud and free.

From Spring to Fall the fields are green
And spread with flowers fair;
In Winter, tiny snow-flakes weave
A glorious carpet there;
And when old Frost is on the wing,
Like crystal glow the lanes,
And pictures fair of Fairy Land
We find upon the pines.

The world is full of pretty things,
And full of gladness, too;
For laughing sunbeams drape the earth
In glory ever now;
And when each little girl and boy
Smile on the world in love,
It grows as beautiful and bright
As heavenly worlds above.

TEDDY'S WHIPPINGS.

MISS LEONARD was in despair! Just twenty-seven times that hot August day had she spoken to Teddy Bangs in the vain hope of its doing some little good. First it was for studying loud; second, for rolling marbles on the floor; third, for pulling little Nellie Henly's long curls; and—but it would be impossible to relate all Teddy's misdemeanors.

Teddy Bangs could not keep still in school. Every fibre of his restless little body resented the very suggestion, and now, in spite of the three whippings he had already received, during each of which he set up a series of most dismal howls and faithfully promised to do better, here he was standing on tiptoe behind little Alice Farley, and holding up a most forlorn little kitten just over her head, while that poor child was nearly crazy with fear. How he got it I don't know, but there it was, and its dismal meow made a doleful accompaniment to Teddy's ill-suppressed laughter.

"Teddy Bangs, put that cat out of doors and come here," commanded Miss Leonard, sternly.

"Yes'm," said Teddy, obeyed, lingering long at the open door, as if more than half-inclined to run away, out into the broad streets, away off to the green meadows, where a little brook sang sweetly through the long Summer hours.

How he wished he could go out never to return to the old school-room again!

Doubtless Miss Leonard, pondering in her weary mind what to do next to the troublesome boy, wished so too, but she did not say so.

It was a small select school which she was teaching through the Summer, and the children, feeling as if defrauded of their accustomed vacation, acted wild generally, to say the very least.

After a while Teddy came back with a cloud over his bright face, looking as if he expected and deserved a whipping. What then was his astonishment to hear Miss Leonard say, "Teddy, you may take your book and go—" howe he supposed she would finish—but she only added, "and go and sit there by the window. I suppose you will study."

With wondering eyes he obeyed, and taking out his dog-eared spelling-book, embellished with certain illustrations done in pencil and ornamented with sundry marks of grimy fingers, was to all intents and purposes soon busy with his "b-a-k-o-r, baker."

Miss Leonard watched him furtively for some time, and then busy with her other numerous cares forgot him entirely.

Miss Leonard had engaged an upper room in a large building, for her school-room—not being able to find a better one—and on the back part of this had been built a small shed. To make it water-proof the roof had been thickly covered with tar and strown with pebbles. Now this shed was directly under the window at which Miss Leonard had seated Teddy, and when, at last, wondering at his unusual stillness, which long experience had taught her boded no good, she glanced in that direction, Teddy was nowhere to be seen!

Where was the boy?

Miss Leonard walked quickly to the open window and looked out, and there—on the roof—was Teddy, just in the act of digging up some of the soft tar with his restless fingers, while he was chewing vigorously at a large mouthful of the same. He looked up roguishly, not at all daunted at finding himself discovered, and exclaimed, before the astonished woman could utter a syllable.

"Oh, teacher, this is just awful good! Shall I get you some?"

"Teddy Bangs, come in this moment!" said the much enduring woman, as sternly as she could, for the twitching about her mouth and the twinkle in her eyes. Then, as he scrambled in, she shut the window, Teddy meanwhile murmuring against the heat.

"Teddy, what am I going to do with you?" asked Miss Leonard after school was closed and the last patter of childish footsteps had died away.

"I don't know," he replied, looking askance at the stout hickory scoule lying on the desk.

"Neither do I; you may go home now, and I will try and think." And Teddy, wondering more than ever at his teacher's conduct, went slowly homeward.

"Well, my son, have you been a good boy today?" asked Mrs. Bangs, as Teddy put in an appearance.

"Good's ever, I 'spose," answered Ted, with his mouth full of gingerbread.

"Have you had any whippings today?"

"Yes'm, course; had three."

"Oh, Teddy, I am surprised at you!"

"Why, mother Bangs; the idea, when I have 'em every day! Think you'd be s'prised if I didn't."

At the supper table Teddy asked: "Mother, when are we going to uncle Will's?"

Going to uncle Will's each Fall was Teddy's chief enjoyment; and the idea occurred to Mrs. Bangs with the question:

"Perhaps Teddy's love for the country might be made to serve a good purpose and work the needed reformation in his behavior, so she said:

"Well, Teddy, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will be a good boy—" here Teddy's countenance fell very visibly—and she added, "and not get any more whippings till your birthday; four weeks from today, we'll go and stay a month. But for every one which you do get I shall take off just one week from your visit and add it to your school. You understand, Teddy?"

"Yes'm," he replied with round, wondering eyes.

"Well, how many whippings does it take to lose your visit?"

Teddy thrust one chubby hand deep in his trowsers' pocket as if in search of the missing answer, and then replied dolefully:

"Only four! Don't see how I'm going to get along with only four whippings in four whole weeks, though I'm good's—well, good's Moses," he ended, mentioning the only Bible character he could think of at the moment. Mrs. Bangs laughed—she could not help it—then she said soberly:

"So you intend to lose your visit entirely, do you? Four whippings will do it, you know?"

"So it does," replied Ted, with a face solemn as a graveyard.

"Another thing, Ted," said his mother firmly; "I have about decided to give you a whipping myself every time you get one at school. I am tired of such doings."

Here Teddy indignantly protested:

"Why, mother Bangs; think it's hard enough for a fellow to get thrashed in school, without being whipped at home too."

"Teddy, my son, is that the right way to speak to your mother? I am afraid you give Miss Leonard a great deal of trouble, and I must put a stop to it."

"Why, has she been squealing?" asked Ted, eagerly.

"No, Ted, but come, if you are through supper, we will get the dishes washed, and then go over to Aunt Mary's this evening."

Miss Leonard boarded at Aunt Mary's, and she and Mrs. Bangs had a long talk together that evening concerning Ted.

The next morning he went to school firmly resolved to "try and behave himself."

Miss Leonard seemed unusually patient with him; and as he did try, the day wore away, and Teddy had not one whipping. It was hard work, but he did keep quiet. Four more days passed with like results, and then Teddy grew careless. Miss Leonard endured his conduct as long as she could, but when she discovered him putting burrs in little Alice Farley's curls, her patience gave way entirely, and she whipped him severely.

"There!" thought Teddy, as he drew his hand across his weeping eyes; "one whole week gone, and I was going to try and be good. Oh, dear! oh, dear me! One more whole week at this horrible old school, and one less at Uncle Will's; and I am in such a hurry to see Twinkle, the new calf!"

"Well, Teddy," said Miss Leonard, exasperatingly, "I shall have you for a scholar for a whole week longer to pay for this. That will be nice, won't it?"

Miss Leonard knew that if she aroused the latent pride in Ted's nature it might result in good; and the effect proved the wisdom of her idea.

"Nice!" said Teddy, scornfully; "you bet it ain't nice!" and he hastened home to receive his other whipping.

It was hard, but it did Teddy good. He made up his mind that it would be the last, and so it proved.

Five weeks after, he was romping over the meadow with Twinkle, the pet calf, and riding Billy, Cousin Jack's donkey, as happy as if whippings and Teddy Bangs were unknown quantities.—*Young Folk's Rural*

(Selected by M. J. K.)

WIDDER GREEN'S LAST WORDS.

"I'm goin' to die," says the Widder Green,
"I'm goin' to quit this earthly scene;
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis today.
Such works and ways is too much for me;
Nobody can't let nobody be.
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
An' that's the hull of what they know;
The men is mad on bonks an' stocks,
Awearin' an' shootin' an' pickin' locks.
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There ain't a creatur but knows today
I never was lunatic any way.
But since crazy folks all go free,
I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me.
There's another matter that's pesky hard—
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borry a pin,
But what the paper'll have it in:
'We're pleased to say the Widder Green
Took dinner a Tuesday with Mrs. Keene,'
Or 'Our worthy friend Miss Green has gone
Down to Burkhamstead, to see her son.'
Great Jerusalem! can't I stir
Without a raisin' some soller's fur?
There ain't no privacy—so to say—
No more than if this was the Judgment Day.
And as for meetin'—I want to swear
Whenever I put my head in there;
Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spilled and done,
Like everything else under the sun;
It used to be so solemn and slow,
Praise to the Lord from men below;
But now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High didde didde there and here.
No respect to the Lord above,
No more'n if he was hand and glove
With all the critters he ever made,
And all the jigs that ever was played.
Preachin', too!—but here I'm dumb!
But I tell you what, I'd like it some
Ef good old Parson Nathan Strong
Out o' his grave would come along,
An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire—
Judgment an' Justice is my desire.
'Tain't all love and ticklin' sweet
That makes this world nor 'tother complete.
But law! I'm old! I'd better be dead,
When the world's a turnin' over my head;
Spirits talkin' like 'tarnal fools,
Bibles kicked out o' destrict schools,
Crazy creaturs a murderin' round—
Honest folks better be under-ground.
Be fare ye well! this airtly scene
Won't be no more perturbed by Widder Green."

[Planted (Conn.) Herald.]

TRUE.—A lady writer in one of the daily papers says, if women were as particular in choosing a virtuous husband as men are in selecting a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would soon begin, which would be something more than froth and foam.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

A WORD FROM THE SPIRITUAL SIDE.

NUMBER TWO.

BY SPirit RATER KINNEY, THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF T. BURKHAMSTEAD.

While we are on the subject of the treatment of Mediums by investigators, as well as those who are believers in the truth of Spirit-communion, I desire to say a few words in regard to a matter that lies very near to the heart of every earnest Spirit. The soul that passes out from the mortal, untaught concerning the power of Spirit over matter, disbelieving the truth of Spirit-communion on earth, because not understanding its laws, but who is anxious to know the truth and abide by it, very soon gains a knowledge of Spiritual laws, and learns that it is possible for him to return to earth, and by the laws of sympathetic attraction, and through the power of love, manifest to his earthly friends by controlling some sensitive person or Medium.

What joy is it to this Spirit to avail himself of the opportunities presented him, by mediumistic channels, to reach his loved and loving ones! What a blessing it is to his soul to feel that at any time he may enter into communion with his sorrowing friends and give them comfort, consolation and peace! Is it any wonder that his affections entwine around the Mediums who are living for the benefit of humanity, whose lives are a daily sacrifice to the Spiritual World? For I tell you, friends, a Medium whose time is devoted to the work of bringing Spirits and mortals into daily communion, must sacrifice health, inclination and bodily ease, to say nothing of the danger of becoming a victim to the prejudice, bigotry and calumny of the unbelieving, scoffing multitude.

Oh, ye who are encased in bonds of flesh, ye who are wrapped close about by the mantle of materiality, you have no idea how the Spiritual World loves its Mediums; you cannot comprehend the depth of affection within the soul of a disembodied Spirit for the human Medium who has enabled him or her to return to friends on earth and assure them there is no sting in death, no terror for the grave; and it is the work of the denizens of the Angelic Spheres to labor on, earnestly and unceasingly, with voice and influence, until humanity on earth shall understand the price of love and care and protection they owe their Spirit-Mediums, and become willing to pay it to its utmost tithe.

Throughout this land alone there are scores of worthy, honest Mediums, whose best years having been given to the Spiritual cause, are today suffering in want

and sorrow; and it is the duty of those Spiritualists who have attained a knowledge of immortal life through the channels of Mediumship—the moral duty of all believers in the divine power of Spirits to return and manifest to mortals—to contribute of their means, whether it be the donation of the affluent or the mite of the widow, in giving relief and sustenance to the worthy, needy Medium.

A move is started in the right direction—one long contemplated by the angels, planned in the Spirit-world, and brought to earth through the mediumship of one of our long-tried, faithful workers. We feel that it must eventually prove a success. This work has a well organized band of laborers in the Spiritual World, among whom I may mention William Ellery Channing, Rev. John Pierpont, Ross T. Amedy, Achsa W. Sprague, and many others. Surely, with such noble souls at the head, it cannot fail for want of spiritual growth. What is needed is the co-operation and aid of friends on earth.

It is intended to raise a sum for the erection of a Permanent Home for aged and worn-out Mediums, where these weary workers may be sheltered and cared for. If each Spiritualist will devote but one dollar to this purpose, not only such a home might be erected in a short time, but also a fund might be established, the interest of which would give assistance to the wives and orphan children of those Spiritual laborers, who, having spent their lives and sacrificed their health in journeying to and fro, while instructing and enlightening humanity concerning the future of man, pass on, leaving their loved ones unprovided for.

Let us each one do our work. Let no one fail in performing his or her duty towards the world's teachers. Send in your mite, oh, friends, along with words of encouragement. Let your Spirit-friends see that you approve and intend to support their scheme for preparing a Home for aged and suffering Mediums. Those of you who are blest with an abundance of worldly wealth, do not fear to use a part of it in this direction. When you enter the Spirit-world, you will find it will prove the best investment you ever made; for it will result in blessings to your soul. The Medium through whom the plan has been unfolded, and who will receive and acknowledge your contributions, is Mrs. Annie C. Rall, 482 W. Liberty St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WELL SAID.—“Loving kindness,” says the Talmud, “is greater than laws; and the charities of life are more than all ceremonies.”

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SEANCE HOUR.

BY VIRELLA L.

Evening shadows now have fallen;
Cool air from recent shower,
Sacred hour of communion calling
Spirits to our earthly bower.

“Often have we joined your circle,
Ever anxious truth to give,
Bringing love from friends immortal,
Demonstrating all we live.

“On we meet with cool reception,
Or indifference mixed with doubt,
Marring all life's true conditions,
Making discord, in and out.

“Yet we do our best endeavor,
Ever striving doors to open;
That we might contribute flowers
Born of wisdom, love and hope.

“So, friends, weary not, but often
Meet to great us, fearing nought—
Trusting—mutual blessing resteth
On each soul, with wisdom fraught.”

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HEART-PICTURES.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

He painted a child so fair,
A child with golden hair,
That alone and alone—
And the child was my own,
The child with beauty so rare.

And I wondered what painter would see,
If the soul had no imagery,
No soul to travel in the realms of space—
Dull, ah, dull it would be.

The infinite soul will compare,
If the artist's touch is there,
The ruby red of the lips, instead
Of the white lips of despair.

The glow of the cheek and the eye,
As the star gleams in the sky—
Faint or deep, as the senser sleep,
As the whirl of life goes by.

Like the rushing of a stream,
Like a vision in a dream,
It is soft or hard, at the touch of the bard,
Or the rapture to interrene.

'Tis the genius of love to life,
Of the harmony or the strife,
Of the master mind, of the soul refined,
As the leaves of the forest blow in the wind,
The pathos of thought and of love defined.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO MY LOVED ONE.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY CHARLES THOMPSON.

To thee, dear soul-mate and light of my life,
On whom I lean 'mid all the world's fierce strife,

My soul reverts to one trusted, tried;—
Yes, leans on bravely, I am by thy side:

Let all thy aims, as now, be strictly true;
Oh, were thy foot to slip, I'd stumble too.
Valiant and true, dear friend, I know thou art,
Ever revealing nobleness of heart,
Dispensing joy and sunshine where thou art.

Oh, Father, this immortal soul attend,
Nurture, instruct, and lovingly defend,
Expanding Godlike virtues to the end.

ST. ALBANS, Vermont.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO H. B. ROBINSON, OF PHILADEL'A.

Our, noble soul, we come to thee
With heartfelt words of praise;
Thou hast soothed our way, made glad our stay,
In many blessed, pleasant ways.

For thou, dear friend, art kind and true
In all the past thou hast loan to me,
That in my heart thou hast a part,
A never-dying love for them.

Oh, may the Angels guard thee well,
With tenderest care watch over thee,
Keep thy life bright with that bright light
Thou hast so often given me.

And when on earth thy work is done,
Thy spirit passed to realms above,
To meet thee there is my true prayer,
In joy and harmony and love.

PHILADELPHIA, August, 1880.

T. O.

[Selected by W. L. W.]

WISE THOUGHTS.

DEPEND not on fortune, but on conduct.

—Syrus.

He is happy enough that so lives as to die well.

Who has more knowledge than judgment is made for the use of others, rather than his own.

It is generally better to wait, than to strive against wind and tide.

Before you attempt, consider whether you can perform.

It has been the fate of all bold adventurers to be esteemed insane.

A true friend will sometimes be offensive.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

As indicating the changes which the English language has undergone during the last six centuries, some old English forms of the Lord's prayer possess a curious interest:

A. D. 1258.

“Fader ure in heune, haleweide beoth thi neune, cumue thi kuneriche thi wille baoth idon in heune and in. The euerich naw bried gif us thilk dawe. And worzif ure dettes as vi vorziten ure dettores. An lene us nought into temptation, but delyvor of uvel. Amen.”

A. D. 1300.

“Fadir our in Hevne, Halewyd by thi name, thy kingdom come. Thy wille be done as in hevne and erthe. Nure urche dayes bred give us to-day. And forgive us oure dettes as we forgive our dettores. Aud ledø us not into temptation. Bote delyvere us of yvel. Amen.”

A. D. 1582.

“Ovr father which art in heauen, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heauen in earth also. Grue vs to-day our super substantial bread. And lead us not into temptation. But deliuer us from evil. Amen.”

A. D. 1611.

“Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our dayly bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lede us not into temptation, but deliuer us from evill. For thine is the kingdome, and the power and the glory for euer. Amen.”

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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EDITORIAL.

USES OF ADVERSITY IN UNFOLDING CHARACTER.

Few people are aware of the uses of adversity in developing and strengthening character. In the enfeebling glare of prosperity, fostered, flattered and indulged by friends and relatives, a young man is apt to grow effeminate, cowardly and weak.

Let the circumstances of his life change, let the storms of adversity blow around him, take him away from home and friends, and place him in conditions whereby he must make his own way in life, and although he may at first appear like a "vine too rudely torn from its support," in a short time you will find him grow sturdy, strong and manly, able to fight for his rights, and win them too.

Continual prosperity is bad for any one. It weakens the character, enfeebles the mind, and makes a nonentity of the one who, in other conditions, might show himself a stalwart character of honor and strength.

All the bravest souls, whose deeds of honor, courage, valor and tenderness have been worth recording, have felt the stings of adversity, in some form or another, goading them on. Time and time again their plans have failed, and hopes been blighted; every attempt to attain the pinnacle of their desire or ambition has not been rewarded with success; mistakes and failures they have often made; but these untoward circumstances have only served to nerve them on to greater exertion, until at last the mistakes are rectified, and the failures overcome.

He who would climb a mountain, must often pause to wipe the sweat of exertion from his manly brow; he who would achieve success in any important undertaking, must prepare himself to cope with difficulties and dangers. Removing stones from the highway develops the muscles of the laborer, and increases bodily strength; removing obstacles from the road we have set out to travel, develops the energies and strengthens the character.

Heavy winds blow around the tender sapling and tear it down; while the giant oak is left unharmed, rather invigorated by the storm. Adversity may destroy the tender stripling, or weakly doll of fashion, who are not self-dependent; but it

only leaves the thoughtful mind refreshed and invigorated.

Adversity in the form of intolerance and persecution came to the Puritans, and what was the result? Finding they could not remain in peace and comfort in their own land, did they spend their days in useless repining and bitter lamentations, making no effort to better their condition? No!

they joined together in one little band, and trusting themselves and their dear ones to the mercies of the unknown deep, sailed away to find a new home. And from this act of courage a new world was civilized, and our glorious republic founded.

Adversity in every form pursued this little band to the shores of America. Hunger, cold, and want stared them in the face; desolation and sorrow were their companions; but did they despair because of this? No! like men and women, they made the best of their condition; they went to work manfully, with hope in their hearts that something better would come; and by their own exertions and honest toil, they overcame the difficulties in their way and made for themselves happy and comfortable homes.

Adversity proved no foe to these brave souls; on the contrary it developed their power, ingenuity and will; it strengthened their endurance and patience, and sweetened the after time of comfort with the remembrance of what had been accomplished. This will it ever do for all who are willing to work and wait for the good that is to come.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

MILTON in his poem-essay, "Paradise Lost," roamed in a field of thought where his vivid imagination was unconfronted by stern, stubborn facts. This freedom upon a theme, helped along by the imagination of other minds in the same field previous to his, formulated a grand idea of God, heaven, the rebellion among the angels, the overthrow of that rebellion, the casting out of the rebels, and their nine days' fall, landing at last in hell; but still unsubdued, with malicious intent, the rebel leader sought this fair earth, which he knew God had just created, arrived there just in time to find Adam and Eve in their blissful innocence, which state he sought to destroy, and completely outwitting God, triumphantly succeeded.

This necessitated a plan on the part of God which in its outworking brought contact with positive facts; hence "Paradise

Regained," although in its nature as the theme of great rejoicing it should have produced great exaltation of feeling and poetic soaring; still "Paradise Regained" is a stale affair beside "Paradise Lost"; because, as we stated, "Paradise Regained" was so near at hand, and so much of history and facts connected with it, they kept and limited the imagination within their bounds.

In the New Orleans *Picayune* some years ago was a story of a man who conceived the idea of taking a trip to the moon. He made a snug little box or house, so arranged that by slides he could shut out or let in light from any side he chose. From the side on which he let the light in, his vehicle would be propelled in the opposite direction. This was a very convenient way of travelling, and we are really sorry it has never come into general use; but it never did, as we know of, except in this particular case. But he went to the moon, for so it was stated, and of course it must be true, or would have been if it had been written two or three thousand years ago, by some Jewish prophet, whom the Lord had commanded to go to the moon. It is really unfortunate that it happened so lately—but he went to the moon, and came back and reported what he found there. Such a story, being of recent date, we are sorry to say, has not been placed in the archives of our scientific societies, for if it had, it would have settled all questions as to whether the moon is inhabited or not.

But the story of Joseph Smith finding the Mormon Bible at the root of a tree did better. Such mysteries of godliness usually do as the facts are. It has made many converts, because it had in it a religious mystery, and a religious idea, though equally as absurd as the man's going to the moon is, somehow gets a hold upon human beings with a won't-let-go grip, and holds them even in this supposed to be enlightened age, just as other religious stories have and do. But the going to the moon business naturally came under the intellectual observation of a different class of thinkers, and they immediately laid it on the shelf, among the curiosities. But they did not burn the man who originated the story for heresy, or stop the publication of the paper that first published it. Luckily for Mr. Kendall, its editor, it was not a religious story, and he did not live three or four hundred years ago, or perchance he would have shared the fate of others.

One very pleasant fact we can allude to, that scientists and so-called materialists

so far have never burned or imprisoned any one for heresy; which means you are promulgating what I don't believe, therefore you must depart, and the surest and quickest way to depart is to burn up; therefore, having the power, we burn.

Perhaps scientists and materialists are not sufficiently Christian, is the reason why they don't burn for heresy. However, those who burn, or rather bring about a sure departure, what they know they know for certain—there can be no doubt about that. Those who don't burn, such as scientists and materialists, perhaps are not so certain in their beliefs.

Bruno, the Italian materialist and scientist, for declaring that all the manifestations of life could be accounted for without God's intervention, was burned by the Christians for that declaration. As we are intending to make substantially the same declaration, we lay ourself liable to the same fate.

We have commenced this section of our articles in the way we have, in order to bring to mind as plainly as possible that all religious beliefs in the past are purely imaginative and speculation; not that in them are no abstract truths, but in their formulation as a whole, and the points on which the greatest stress was laid, and what was of such believers required, when the mind is fully emancipated from them, it is a wonder to such how and why they ever entertained such beliefs.

Spiritualists are composed mostly of a class who have come from the Christian idea, or have been taught and believed in that religion. But a great many among the Spiritualists have come from what is called the materialistic school, who previously believed that the death of the body was the end of the individual being. Now it is very natural that those who come from the Christian school should have within their nature Christian elements and inclinations. So with the materialists. The joy and awakening at first in believing and accepting Spiritualism, kept in abeyance these latent forces, and it is very natural that in time, as they are now, they should come to the front, to assert themselves, which coming and assertion naturally produces antagonism, and will for a while.

Not only is this the case in becoming Spiritualists, but it seems it must be so at death. The ascended being, with a nature still the same, although finding its new life not what its Christian teachings had taught, although adjusting itself to its new home, retains still in force more or less its previous teachings. These return-

ing, give their ideas as they see them, which means in part their original starting-point under Christian influences. These come back, praying to and believing in a personal God, speak of Spirit and Soul all very natural to a certain degree of development—a degree we shall call the childhood stage, that which looks up to and leans upon grown-up men and women for instruction, sustenance and guidance, whom they adore and worship and reverence—which is all right, and what must be expected of children.

We think we are correct in stating that latterly, more than in the beginning of Spiritualism, the idea of and about God inclines more toward the Christian idea of Personality. This is plainly manifest in a certain class of Spiritualistic speakers, especially those who are inclined to adhere to present institutions, and who seek to make it popular as an ideal, rather than a practical religion—those who believe more in theoretical teaching and theoretical philosophy than teachings that come from the Spirit-world direct.

We are inclined to think that a certain class of human beings in the next sphere, who still cling to earthly teachings, and can't give them up, influence more or less this class of speakers. They are drawn here by a power they cannot resist; as the sectarian Christian heaven is becoming disintegrated they are cut loose, and before they can rise they must come to earth and throw off the errors they gathered up here. They have come to us in writing this article, confused our mind more or less, and we have talked to them; but they say it is hard to give up the idea of a personal God, although they have never heard of or seen one yet. We cannot blame them, and hope these errors from their minds will soon depart.

We believe that the idea of an uncreated intellectual being, who is the beginning, author and designer of all existence, had its beginning in that stage of human development which began to understand something of and about being controlled as Mediums by personal Spirits or bands of Spirits, as our Mediums now are more or less. Such controls represented themselves as God or gods, talked to their Mediums, and were seen in the personal form, as in the case of Abraham, Moses, and other noted Biblical characters. Humanity at that age could not understand what humanity of this age can—had less comprehension; hence these affirmations that they were God or gods were accepted as true, and so it has come down to us.

We do not deny that these controls as

gods were not, in the proper nature of developement, right in their time and place; but we do affirm that in the present we have reached a point where mankind have too much intelligence, and such a broad sweep of mental vision began with what are called the Infidel writers to deny and reject all idea of God as a personality, and as we stated some ten years ago, that with the age of Voltaire and his infidel contemporaries began that age of reason that marked and outlined a new strata of religious conception and ideals, which in their evolution would change and reconstruct all our religious ideals.

Previous to this advent was the grand discovery of the base of what we now have as the science of Astronomy. Previous to this discovery, our earth was considered to be the only abiding place of man and the only place where God as a personal being had any interest in humanity. But the discovery that our earth was only a mere speck in space, compared with all the worlds that existed, showed at once to such expanded minds as these first infidel writers were, the positive foolishness of such a conception of God, and such ideas as are the base and supposed facts as existed in the conception of the creation of this planet and man—this fall and plan of salvation—which conception and ideal was drawn from the Bible as understood in the Christian religion.

The infidel side of thinking threw everything away except what was revealed in nature, accepting nothing but had some form of demonstration to prove it—has accepted so far all that has been revealed through the sciences.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(For the Voice of Angels.)

VOICE OF ANGELS.

THIS notable little sheet, doing office work, is not a minor nor minus, but the interwoven link, like the olive branch, of peace and hope, coming boldly to the front, to fight with the sword of the Spirit by the Spirit of the just made more perfect.

Questions.—If the mortality decay, shall the immortal retain life, being, and outfit impromptu?

Not anything is more certain, or we the messengers could not abide and correspond with mortals.

Is life an appendage, or an appendix?

Answer interposed as follows—It is both; one the shield, the other the comforter.

How are these two compiled?

One is Spirit, the other Soul; Soul intellect indispensable to Spirit, Spirit-life indispensable to Soul.

Please tell us what the immortal of being is?

It is life and intellect: without it, the mortal would have no immortality. With it, it hath the two parts, mortal and immortal. The object of all this is to give experience and power of contrast, mental food for the innate being the Soul. The Soul being an equivalent of the great Soul, is equal in propensity—thus a unit of the Summit.

How is this Great Unit or Summit sustained?

By the everlasting substance of the imperishable Will-power or fiat of nature.

L. Bush, Jamestown, Tenn.

THE LIKE OF YOU, MOTHER

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

TERMING is the world with people,
Myself noble ones, no doubt;
But my son is cloaked and hooded,
And I find not many out!
Rarely see we those about us
Like the vanished, holy few;
So, alas, I sigh too often,
Mother, for the like of you!

In the life that cometh after
This I shall so happy be,
I shall never think to censure
Aught which pains and tortures me.
Buried with the years the conflicts
I have valiantly been through;
I shall have my day of resting,
Mother, with the like of you!

(For the Voice of Angels.)

TESTS OR NO TESTS.

No. 1506 NORTH 7TH ST., PHILA., PA.

AMID conflicting opinions, how shall the novice, the unschooled, think rightly or act wisely with regard to principles, measures and men? When opinions are based upon strong prejudices, or induced by hereditary influences, or superinduced by religious education or moral training, and are strong in the pleasure that delusions invest themselves in the human mind, we have opponents and antagonists of no doubtful power.

What shall we say of the men and women who speak and act upon settled opinions of their own, and are rarely, if ever, in full accord with the opinions or sentiments of anybody else? They seem to be embedded in contravention and contradiction, and assuming that all others are wrong, they fall into the practice or habit of expressing dissent upon every point, whether of mere suggestion or argument. These conditions in social life, to say the least of them, are vexatious; but when they come in contact with philosophic minds, that are led to conclusions and fixed sentiments by data or demonstration of

fact, the war is carried into an antagonism to one's consciousness, and is provocative of disgust, resentment, and invective.

These thoughts are suggested by the want of unanimity among many professed Spiritualists. Thank heaven, we are not all publicans and sinners, not all jaundiced and in vision see everything yellow in color.

What of "tests and no tests," upon which there are contests and protests all around? Have we not said, that what is a test to one is not such to another, and why quarrel about it? What is insignificant to one is quite significant to another and there ought to be no cause for bitter antagonism. It is so, nevertheless, and a fact to be deplored.

But, Mr. Editor, is it not enough to provoke a saint, that every time you relate some pleasing and happy message or communication from the Spirit-world—from a dear mother, perhaps—you are met with the emphatic question, "How do you know it was your mother?" expressed in such a tone and manner, as if to defy you to the proof.

I have said I never went for fraud, and of course did not get it. I may have been deceived, but I am not aware of any cheat. Indeed, I never think of such impositions.

I shall now present a number of messages or communications, which are in no way personal to me, but are tests nevertheless, as they possess characteristics of those they purport to come from.

At a seance, the Medium hears the name of "Pollok," and recognizes him as a poet. He hears him say that "his works as author refer to hell and damnation as punishment for sins—would like to unsay or undo the evil such doctrines entailed—reproached himself, and deplored the fact of such an influence from his writings."

We make inquiry, and find that Robert Pollok, the author of a poem entitled "The Course of Time," dealt therein largely with the idea of a wrathful God, and the damnation of hell-fire as a just and righteous punishment for every grade of sinners.

This poem has been esteemed highly as the standard of doctrine in the theology of the evangelical Christian sects. I fear that the good that the Spirit would now do will move very slowly in the track of the evil already done; and I also fear that the expiation will be fearfully long and severe. I have no doubt of the genuineness of this visit and message.

Then next I have given me the name of Hahnemann, who appears as a Homoeopath-

ic M. D. And what does he say?—"There is nothing better than magnetism, when properly applied. It is in the power of the soul to overcome all diseases; the functions of the body are under the control of the Spirit; magnetism is better far than any kind of medicine."

Strange, indeed, that the founder of a system of medical treatment should go so directly opposite into the Spiritual Dispensary, away from "*Similia similibus curantur*!" Is it not, however, possessed of evident genuineness? We think so.

Then, though last, but not least, I submit another, and the one that will meet with the strongest protest against its verity.

The same Medium, (but at another sitting,) who sees an ancient looking Spirit, and thus he speaks—"Truth compels me to state that I am in a wretched condition, have suffered much for the course of my life. Darkness and turbulence does not excuse the errors of my life. When I left the world, I met the Baptist, and was terrified at his ghastly appearance. For years I lived in deserts, and was haunted by his appearance. Driven out from among men, I have lived in a cave. The world has advanced—the world is now far in advance of what it was in the period in which I lived. The motive for beheading John the Baptist was a political one, and not that which is and has been erroneously charged.

HEROD THE TETRARCH."

Now, what will the doubting and the skeptical say to these specimens? For my part, I accept them, upon the assumption that I am of just such a nature as will attract Spirits, and in disposition not only willing, but anxious, to serve them upon every occasion of their pleasure or necessity.

For the purpose of presenting the fact of Spirit-return, and that too in cases wherein there is no means of testing them, from the disclosure of any fact in their history or experience, but solely to rely upon their peculiar, though general characteristics, I shall furnish another communication upon "Tests and no Tests," and then perhaps retire to give room for something more interesting and instructive from some other source.

Yours, &c.,

J. W.

Mr. F. O. Mathews continues to give great satisfaction in England by his lectures and his descriptions of Spirits seen by him in the audience, after the manner of Mr. Baxter in this country. Though it was announced some months since that Mr. Mathews designed coming to the United States, we see it stated that he now intends settling permanently in London.—*Banner*.

BRIEF ITEMS.

Our readers will understand why the Voice is late, when they remember our frail state of health. We are feeling somewhat better, and hope to have future numbers sent out on time.

ALBERT MORTON, Esq., 450 Market street, San Francisco, has kindly consented to act as our agent on the Pacific Coast. Our subscribers there can pay their subscriptions to him, he will take new subscribers, and specimen copies of the Voice can be obtained at his store.

Our excellent and interesting contemporary, the *Religious Philosophical Journal*, makes the liberal offer of sending the paper to new subscribers, for a three months' trial, for the small sum of thirty cents. We should suppose that every Spiritualist, who is not already a subscriber, would hasten to accept the offer.

We direct attention to the new advertisement of Miss C. W. Knox, Medical Medium, No. 45 Indiana Place, Boston. Miss Knox has met with good success in curing various diseases.

The efforts of the National Association for the Protection of the Insane are meeting with great and unexpected success. A pamphlet has just been issued by the Association, giving the results of various long-continued experiments in the way of affording violent subjects, who have heretofore been restrained of their personal liberty by mechanical appliances, comparative freedom of body, and at the same time giving them such an amount of employment as each individual case demanded. Dr. J. C. Shew, Superintendent of a State Asylum in New York, succeeded in reducing the number of such cases to five in seven hundred.

A Fair is proposed, to be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, in aid of abused and neglected children.

The Spiritualists of Rochester, New York, who are numerous and constantly growing in numbers, enjoyed the services of Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, in their new and commodious hall, during the month of September, who, as usual, gave good satisfaction. During October, Mrs. A. M. Colby was the speaker, with much acceptance.

The Spiritual and Liberal Association of Texas has called a Convention, to meet in the city of Waco, Texas, Nov. 25th to 28th, to elect officers and a Board of Directors, and for such other business and exercises as may be determined on.

Hudson Tuttle has an interesting article in the *R. P. Journal* of Nov. 6th, on "Christian Spiritualism," which will repay perusal. We wish we had room to quote it entire.

Lucretia Mott, the veteran philanthropist and abolitionist, who was one of the first to take up the cause of the slave, died a few days since, in the eighty-seventh year of her age.

Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, the well-known Philadelphia Medium, is spending a few weeks in New York City.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference will be held Dec. 10th, 11th and 12th next, when the talented speaker, James K. Applebee, of Chicago, has been engaged.

The Michigan State Association of Spiritualists held their third Quarterly Meeting at Paw Paw, Nov. 12th, 13th and 14th, at Longwell's Opera House. Excellent speakers were present, and good music.

The subscriptions to the Home for worn-out Mediums continue to come in and are acknowledged in *Mind and Matter*, and we hope all Spiritualists will contribute of their means to this worthy object, liberally and soon.

Mr. John Wetherbee has a logical and sensible letter in the *Banner*, on the subject of the many recent so-called "Exposures" of Spiritualism. He says, in conclusion: "The writer hopes that those

who visit these frequent exposing exhibitions will not run away with the idea that they are the Alpha and Omega of Spiritualism, or that Spiritualists are a credulous body of people (we have seen people swallow "exposures" that took a larger throat than is needed for the average Spiritualist in his own domain;) let them remember also that "those laugh best who laugh last." The Spiritualist has got what the world needs today more than anything else, the truth on this point, and will laugh last. Selah."

The various Spiritualistic Associations in Boston, Chelsea, Cambridgeport, and other suburban towns, are in a prosperous and growing condition and doing much good in liberalizing and educating the various communities where they are located.

An "exposer" in England, travelling under the high-sounding name of Stunt Charles Cumberland, has been himself "exposed" as a miserable fraud and pretender, whose real name is Garner—and he proves to be the "wanderer" and "vagabond," without visible means of subsistence, instead of the Medium, whom he caused to be arrested and brought before the Court.

Mr. W. J. Colville's receptions and lectures in Highland Hall, Boston, are proving very interesting. He lectured in Waltham, Mass., Nov. 10th, and will speak in Newmarket, N. H., Nov. 17th. He also delivered two largely attended lectures recently in Enfield, and Greenwich, Mass., in the Methodist and Congregational churches, on "The Religion of the Past, the Present and the Future." The subject of Spiritualism had never received much attention in that region, and Mr. Colville's addresses created a profound impression.

Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, who has been speaking for the Second Society of Spiritualists of New York City, drew large audiences and was much appreciated.

Dr. J. M. Peebles will lecture in Orange, Mass., the Sundays of November. He will be followed by Emma Hardinge-Britten for four Sundays.

Henry Slade is now in New York City, where he intends to remain for one year at least. He is located at 238 West 34th street.

The *Herald of Progress*, London, says the press is undergoing a marked change in regard to Spiritualism. Its bitter spirit of opposition is receding; and many papers that a short time ago would not deign to allude to it, except in a tone of ridicule, are opening their columns to discussion upon the subject.

The materializing Medium, Michael Chambers, of England, now sits outside, instead of inside of his cabinet, and at recent seances of his, Spirits materialized inside the cabinet while the Medium was sitting outside, and in full view of every one present. The forms that have appeared varied in height from two feet to nearly six feet, and are thin and vapory. The alteration of conditions necessitate a change of modus operandi which will require some months to perfect in order to enable the controls to give full solidity to the forms.—*Banner*.

Miss Martha Ann Houghton, formerly a Clairvoyant physician in Boston, but for several years past practicing in London, was recently arrested under the infamous law (construed) against Mediums, but passed the ordeal without difficulty and was released.

J. William Fletcher lectured twice on Sunday Oct. 30, in Grand Army Hall, Lowell. A reception, largely attended by prominent Spiritualists and others, was tendered Oct. 31st to Mr. Fletcher, at the residence of Mr. Jacob Nichols of Lowell.

Miss Alice W. Harlow, the oldest daughter of Dr. H. M. Harlow, of Augusta, Me., who graduated at Vassar College with high honors in 1877, has accepted the professorship of Latin and Greek in Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Ill.

Lydia Maria Child left bequests to many of our most worthy institutions, among them \$1,000 each to the Anti-Cruelty to Animal Society, and the Quaker Schools for the Education of the Indians.

Mr. Rowland Connor, whom Pope Miner endeavored to crush, is now in East Saginaw, Mich., a highly successful lecturer in the liberal field.

Bishop A. Beals has been engaged by the society in St. Louis, Mo., during the months of November and December.

Capt. R. H. Brown spoke in Philadelphia, Pa., the four Sundays of October. He also spoke in Camden, N. J., on the afternoon of Oct. 24th, by invitation of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of that place.

Prof. William Denton commenced a course of six geological lectures in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street, New York, on Monday evening, Nov. eighth.

J. Frank Baxter has been having marked success in Vermont and New Hampshire the past ten days; and left Boston for Syracuse, N. Y., on Friday, Nov. 5th, remaining in the State till December, when his engagements take him into Maine. All the Sundays of November he lectures at Syracuse, in the Opera House.

Cephas B. Lyon speaks during the Sundays of November in Stafford, Conn.

Prof. Buchanan spoke for the Second Society of Spiritualists of New York, the first Sunday in November.

Rev. Samuel Watson will be at the Convention of Spiritualists and Liberalists to be held at Waco, Texas, on the 23rd of November.

(From the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.)

SUPER-MUNDANE THEATRICALS.

A PURELY SPIRIT THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT, THROUGH JOHN LYON, MEDIUM.

[FROM THE MSS. OF "PNEUMATOS."]

"Life is the triumph of our mortalizing clay:
Death of the spirit infinite, divine."

In the city of Cincinnati we believe and trust in Mediums and the Spirit-manifestations thro' them. We do not look for self-constituted lecturers and pseudo philosophers and mere human made-up teachers of Spiritualism to show us or teach us of the Spirit-world. We care not for them. We look to the Spirits themselves, and heed them, as they manifest and teach us and edify and enlighten us through their gifted Mediums. We have no organizations, no societies, no self-constituted authorities to dictate to or control the Spirits, and we have no hired halls in which lecturers and would-be philosophers may discourse as they wish, and we don't want them. We long ago gave them up as doing more harm than good; and now each one of us, on his or her own responsibility, go about this matter of learning of the Spirits and the Spirit-world as we please. Of course we each and all find that the best way to learn about the Spirits and the Spirit-world is to go to their Mediums and see and hear through them what the Spirits themselves have got to manifest and to say of themselves and the Spirit-world. We therefore seek to cherish our Mediums, and we treat them well, and we love them, and do all we can for them, well knowing that they are the true and only representatives of the Spirits and the Spirit-world here upon earth, and that it is only through them that we can get true Spirit and Spiritual-knowledge, and through no other source.

We have several best of Mediums in our city, and among these best is plain, simple, child-like, harmless, unsophisticated John Lyon, who lives at No. 186 Richmond street, in this city. He is a native of this city, and is thirty-four years of age, born of honest and respectable well known parentage, and a Medium from his childhood. For him in his career of life his guiding and guardian Spirits have done much, and among plenty of other things they absolutely have cured him of an impediment in his speech, or chronic stammering, and other ills with which his childhood, boyhood, and young manhood were, more or less, afflicted. For people in this world for the last nine years—during which John Lyon, as a Medium, has been before the public—a great, a very great deal of spiritual good has been effected. For myself, I am free to say that I know of no better Medium in his way than this plain, honest, simple-hearted man, and what I am about to relate as occurring through his Mediumship will clearly manifest that fact to others.

"Then came each actor on his aye."

—Shakespeare.

Last night—Sunday, as was fit and pertinent—John Lyon came to my house, accompanied by his friend, Dr. White—came to see my wife and myself, in a social way. We indulged in entertaining and edifying converse and conversation for some long while, when all at once, in less time than you can say Jack Robinson, an Indian Spirit took control of the Medium. This Spirit was called, as he himself said, "Chemonia" and was the Indian to take first control of Mr. Lyon. My music-box was in our room and making beautiful music, and the Spirit Indian, after saluting each one of the three persons present in great joy and glee, and listening intently to the music, proceeded to minutely examine the music-box, and made quite a curious and marked bent figure in so doing. Then as the music-box in its order commenced playing a French waltz, the Indian began to waltz most skillfully and gracefully around the room, as if he were waltzing with a graceful, skillful waltzing lady, announcing to us at the same time that there were many Spirits, male and female, present and engaged in waltzing as he and his companion were doing—a grand waltz, he said.

THE SPIRIT, SALLIE COHEN, THE DANSEUSE, APPEARS.

At a turn of the music the Medium began dancing a *pas seul* in true ballet—gesticulating and pirouetting—style, gracefully and beautifully, and stepping with the music. The Medium, in his or her spirit-personification, came rushing to me for identification, shaking me warmly by both hands. I failed at first to recognize the Spirit, but the Indian "Chemonin" at once again assumed control, and stooping down, drew out on the floor in figure or letter pantomime the letter "S," when I at once exclaimed, "Sallie Cohen," which was received by the Indian Spirit with sharp clapping of hands and other signs of uproarious applause, and the control instantly changing, the Spirit Sallie Cohen, the once celebrated danseuse of Cincinnati, and well remembered by old theatre-goers, rushed

up to me so glad and joyful that I thought her heart would leap out of her very mouth; and then we talked of her old ballet-dancing times and triumphs at the old National Theatre of this city, some thirty-five years ago, and oh, how joysome and gladsome and bright and blissful she seemed to be. As a finale, before she left the Medium, she gave us another *pas seul* to the music of the music-box, and gleefully and gracefully bid adieu, and left the Medium. What a performance, we thought, for the Spirit Sallie Cohen, the danseuse—just as good, almost, as she (mortal Sallie Cohen) used to do on the stage in days of yore!

NEXT—THE SPIRIT MATILDA HERON IN CAMILLE.

The Medium rested awhile, and being refreshed, a new, peculiar control took possession, and repairing to a sofa in the adjoining room, she picked off the laced tidy, and throwing it over her shoulder, she appeared and acted as "Camille"—in the first scene and first act of that beautiful play—and using the back room as her stage, and entering and throwing off her mock mantle, as if an opera cloak, in true "Camille" style, upon a table near by, in the literal language of the play, she announced that "She and Gaston had just returned from the opera"—and this was accompanied with that penetrating, dreadful "Camille" cough, that I well knew none but the great actress of that part, Matilda Heron, could give on the stage, and I at once loudly exclaimed "Matilda Heron." She absolutely jumped for joy, and in ecstasy came to me, and what joyful and gleeful and happy salutations. She conversed with me openly and freely, referred familiarly to her first appearance in this city, in her great and famous character of "Camille." She spoke of the help and aid I had rendered her, and what a good friend I was to her in her efforts to make her stage career a pronounced success. She particularly referred to the fact that when she first began playing "Camille" at the old National Theatre in Cincinnati in 1853, she had but few in the house to see and hear her for the first night or two, but this how soon changed, she said. The auditorium became nightly crowded, and for three weeks nightly on the boards of the Old Drury, she played "Camille," the last two weeks to crowded and crammed houses, where there was only standing-room. And all this which the Spirit said was true in fact, and it all occurred in her mortal life, in this very city, just as she, the Spirit, narrated it, as all old Cincinnati theatre people will well remember and vouch for.

What a treat then was this, and what a Spirit-personification through a Medium, and what a Spirit-test! We do live after death—we are immortal after this life, in Spirit-spheres—and Spirits whom we well knew when mortals here upon earth, do come back to us, and reveal themselves as they were, and as we saw them, heard them and knew them.

"We are fearfully and wonderfully made."

NOW, THE SPIRIT CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN IN "LADY MACBETH."

After the departure of the Spirit Matilda Heron, and the Medium resting for a little

while, another very strong female control possessed the Medium, and going to the back room, separated from us by a thrown-up hanging curtain—for the stage—the controlling Spirit gave us part of the fifth scene of act first of Shakespeare's great tragedy of *Macbeth*, the letter scene of "Lady Macbeth," and acted so well and so Cushman-like, that I at once recognized the actress—the Spirit-actress assumed at once the character of "Lady Macbeth" in form and attitude, and just as if she had just read the letter of "Macbeth," and with it still in her hands, she declaimed in enthusiastic earnestness and lofty dignity the famous words in tones and gestures of Charlotte Cushman:

"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To entice the nearest way."

The tragic actress imitated, or originalized rather, Charlotte Cushman so completely and perfectly that I immediately loudly ejaculated, "Charlotte Cushman in the character of 'Lady Macbeth.'"

At this the Spirit quit acting, and approaching me from the back or stage-room, took me warmly by both hands and said: "I am Charlotte Cushman, the once mortal actress, and I am still Charlotte Cushman, the Spirit-actress. I take as much interest and glory in the stage as I ever did, and more. The Spirits from our spheres impress actors and actresses to act well their parts on the mortal stage, and we try all we can to inspire them, and make them act well their parts." I ventured to suggest that I saw no Charlotte Cushmans now upon the stage here.

"No," she said, "the drama has taken a diversion, but it would be all right in time, and actors and actresses would be greater, better than ever before, even better than she was." The Spirit Charlotte talked of the drama and acting, and actors and actresses for some time, and then became particularly and especially personal to me. She spoke of me as always her friend and a friend of the drama and its interpreters, and thanked me for defending her against aspersions upon her private character. And talking of these, I must put down what the Spirit said, almost *in hoc verba*.

Said the Spirit somewhat indignantly:

"These writers write of Charlotte Cushman after her decease—of her selfishness and love of money, etc., and wrote words after her death that they dared not write for the papers when Charlotte Cushman lived upon the earth, and could and would have answered them. They were moral cowards to do so; and such ways of doing things were much to be deprecated. As for her part, they altogether misconceived her personal character, and they should not have written at all about her," etc. She then went on to talk about the drama and the stage again, and finally left the Medium, full of joy and gladness that she had been so readily recognized and identified.

THE HILARIOUS, LAUGHING SPIRIT OF MRS. ELIZABETH KENT.

The good woman and the good actress, Mrs. Elizabeth Kent, is well and particularly remembered by the old citizens of this city, and

she has undoubtedly an important place in the memories of all old theatre-goers of Cincinnati. No better comedienne and comic actress ever lived than she, perhaps, and her hilarious and gladsome and gleeful laughter upon the stage of the old National Theatre in olden times used to set its audiences in a roar continually and continuously. So soon as she appeared upon the stage with her *embonpoint* form, and her gleesome, hilarious, merry laugh, her audiences always sympathized with her at once, and burst out with her in gleesomeness and hilarity and merriness. Oh, how the people in the pit, and in the boxes, and in the gallery used to laugh—it was not smiling, tittering or mere risibility, it was the loudest kind of voluntary, loud lauding and applauding laughter, which made everybody feel good in so laughing and growing fat over the merriness, and brightness, and brilliancy, and brave and bracing, sparkling acting of the comic and funny Elizabeth Kent. Such was Mrs. Kent, and now her Spirit took possession of the Lyon Medium, and, entering upon the floor of the back room for her stage, she assumed the most comic position for a woman, and, her features of face relaxing and her movements of figure active and accelerating, she burst out into one of those comical fits of laughter that set us three full audience into a sympathetic guffaw, which kept every thing for the while in apparent motion and activity. From the peculiarity and particularity of form, figure, features of face, and recognized laughter and vocal hilarity, I at once ejaculated, "Elizabeth Kent, by all that is wonderful!" and the Spirit in the Medium's form at once rushed to me and overpowered me with warmest greetings and salutations for my ready recognition and remembrance of her and her ways. Oh, but she was glad! and gladsomely and gleefully she entered into conversation with me about old stage times of the National Theatre, and her acting in my comedies particularly. In her lifetime, when she was playing at the National Theatre, I had written two comedies for her, and she had performed in them for many nights with immense success. She talked and she talked, and she laughed and she laughed, and as a Spirit now in the Spirit-world these thirty-one years—for she as mortal had died of cholera in this city in that epidemic year, 1849—she appeared the same Elizabeth Kent, just as I knew her—woman and actress in this life so many years ago. In full satisfaction and gratification she bid us adieu and left the body of the Medium, who sat down on the provided chair to rest a while.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE OLD COURT HOUSE.

REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES OF THE COURTS AND BAR OF CINCINNATI.

We are informed that our friend and fellow-citizen, Judge Carter, has his new book of the above title nearly ready for delivery to subscribers, of whom he has a goodly number, and will undoubtedly, we hope and trust, get a great many more. It will be published this month, and we take pleasure in saying that the book, treating as it does of the old Court-house, and

almost every thing in the history of Cincinnati connected therewith, will be, in its reminiscences and great abundance of anecdote, intensely attractive and interesting to all our citizens, and to lawyers and people everywhere. There will be in its pages more than three hundred of the most approved and funniest legal anecdotes, besides the many reminiscences, containing more reading and readable matter of its kind than any book ever before published. The author, the Judge, is still engaged in procuring subscribers, and when he obtains the requisite number of one thousand, the book, containing 480 pages, a portrait in steel of the author, the exterior and interior of the old Court house, and other engravings, done up in splendid style, will be ready for the public.

We wish for the author the most unqualified success for his work, as we know his literary competency and ability deserve so much.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PASSING AWAY.

BY VIENNA L.

WILT thou no more return, my beautiful flower,
As thou floatest away on the bright rippling stream?
From my hand it just fell, as stretched from my bower,
Dancing gracefully on, kissed by merry sunbeams.
List! a zephyr's refrain—and the musical lay
Is—"Passing away! passing away!"

In wandering again over mountain and flood,
To the land where my childhood was passed,
Viewed changes of Nature—where forests once stood,
Humble gay and fine villas were raised.
Still the zephyr's refrain and the musical lay
Was—"Passing away! passing away!"

Then thoughts came—how breast-pangs had pressed on
me sore
In the days of my childhood and youth;
The sun-cloud obscured could shine never more
For my soul in the sweet realms of truth.
Still the zephyr's refrain in a musical lay
Sang—"Passing away! passing away!"

Thus through childhood and youth, to the winter of life,
Cloud and sunshine, pain and joy meet together;
Let the lesson be learned, in progression there's strife,
And adapt our soul-needs to the weather.
Now chants the refrain, "What is life but a day?—
Just passing away! passing away!"

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

TO ALL.

I HAD looked into this Spiritualism for years before I passed away, and I knew of these beautiful truths when death came; and oh, what comfort it was to me! It took away all the fear of death, and I was happy, so happy, in going! And now, one of my dearest and best of friends, who is afraid to be identified with Spiritualism, (oh, foolish, foolish child!) is trembling between two worlds, and she's afraid to die.

Oh, I want you to know, my dear wife, that the hereafter for you will be bright and beautiful, and the suffering in passing from one world to another will, in your case, be but momentary—and then the joy! My wife, have no fear. A knowledge of the life you are coming to, even though it be but a fragment of knowledge,

will rob, I think, death of its terror for you, and you will pass over the river of death unsufferingly, as I did.

[Question.—Do you have re-unions over there?]

You have re-unions here on the earth-plane; but these are small affairs, not worthy to be compared to that grand reunion in the Summer-land. All Spiritualists of all ages will be there. Here you meet in Christ by faith; but there, you and I, and hosts of your Spirit-friends shall meet in fact. We shall not only meet, but recognize each other; and my dear wife, I want you to know that our coming back is a fact. This Spiritualism is just as great a truth taught as the return Spirit of Christ, and just as certain. If those whose last meeting was at the death-bed, when the final struggle occurred, could have only seen the reception of my aged Spirit into the Spirit-world by my Spirit-children—and brothers and sisters, if you had known all this, no tears would have fallen in sadness over me, when all was well with me.

My dear wife, I know that you are getting far, far away from this great truth, this blessed truth of Spiritualism; I know that this coming back was a truth, taught to me by my Angel-friends through Mediums. But I know that we get sometimes far away from knowing the truth, by keeping away from the channel throu' which knowledge and light can come; and sometimes our own eyes are dim to see fairly. But since the gate was left a little ajar by my passing through the valley of shadows, you, my dear wife and children, can yet have a few glimpses of the Summer-land, and still can learn of the Hereafter, if you will it or wish it.

I must say that M. and R. have acted none the best with you, my wife. They have kept you from investigating the truth of Spiritualism. No death, nor pain, nor sorrow, nor tears or partings in that Land of Spirits.

Hester, myself and the rest of the dear ones are often with you at home, and we are trying to cheer you and help you in your struggle in the lower plane. And, James, I am very glad that you have a mind of your own; and rest assured we will do all we can to instruct and to enlighten you, and we shall endeavor to do you all the good we can.

A skeptical world marvels at the idea of our coming back, and to many it seems incredible that we should live again. "Because I live," said Christ, "ye shall live also." Paul, when speaking of the Fathers, says that if they so desired they might have returned. Abraham might

here you back to Thompson, and come to their winter land. We did not care to go back, so I would have gone down the river instead of the way that we live, and that application is there, so I could do your application by you to come, and all will be right.

Those who prefer to be spiritualists are most willing to carry messages, they like this life under a cloud, or in case of public opinion. Those who are filled with the conflicting givens of the spirit, he or she is not likely to get back.

I am so bound to you so much, but my longer you are away with me, I must go over there where I can, and hope to other spots. Come to all.

Kind regards to Anna W. Loring, Edith Wharton, as my friends will see this.

Especially yours,

John N. Moore.

RECORDED AND INDEXED IN WASHINGTON.

A. C. Moore.

My summer hours have changed for me. The last four days that ended my usual vacation ushered me into a world of love and beauty from which I would be loath to depart, even if it could be so. I never envy this to any, I have discovered the one has shadows as bright and as interesting as the sunny. Well, we all will yet be well. H. V. Wilson.

RECORDED & INDEXED.

— — — — —

I am a native of Rockingham, Maine. I was a great invalid. I have been to nearly every country on the globe, passed out with a dreadful disease, was closed the ship when quite young and forced many bad turns. But I loved my home and family. I want you to make me in Rockingham, Maine.

Yours sincerely,

I was not in a hurry, and for a long time I didn't know that I had passed over the river. The Summer-land is a good place, and I don't care to wear books again unless they should happen to fit better than the old ones did. I often call on my neighbors and friends, and I enjoy it. There is a Medium up here that I can contact, and we have jolly times.

Rosine Hunter, Laramie, N. H.

— — — — —

I have been in the Spirit-world two years. I am happy with my child; she loves me as much in Spirit. Miss Moore, I want you to meet me at the same place you did two years ago. I have something of importance to tell you. Your husband has a message too.

John Chapman, Columbus, Ohio.

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